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Choice Loctry.

THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL ODE. BY PAUL II. HATHE, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Hark! hark! down the century's long reaching slope. To these transports of triumph—those raptures of longs! The voices of Main and of Mountain conclained. In gial researche bere on the wings of the wind: The base of the dram, and the trumpet that thrills Through the multiplied cohoes of justiant hills! And mark! how the years, melting opened like mist. Which the breath of some splendid opened like mist. Which the breath of some splendid occluations has kieses. The proud pagentit of conquest that graced them of yore.

Where blended forever in lave as in fame, See! the standard which stale from the starlight And type of all chivalry, glary, romance,

(it) stubbers the strife, we the conflict was won! And the wild, whirling was wrack half stilled the san; The thunders of content that because do the less. The thunders of content that because do the less. Where guarding his ... Is list—a kingle on the waves—Bold De Grasse kept at bay the bluff beliege of draws The day terned to day knees, the night changed to free, Still more force waxed the combat, more deadly the ire Undiament by the gloon, at! belowd where they ride, In majestic advance, o'er the red battle tide.

These barners united in love as in fame— The brave standard which draw from the their fame— And type of all chivalry, glory, romance, The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France

No respite! No panue! By the York's tertured fleed,
The gray him of Regland is writhing in ideed!
Conventio may char, and course Tarleton were—
As he sharpma his broad-owned and buckles his sport—
This blade, which so oft has reased reside like grain,
Shall now harvest, for death, the rade yeconous again.
Vain heast? For res surest be a signing in feas,
With the rebule he secured close, close in the rear!
The French on his flash hirded such volleys of shot,
That s'en Glomeester's reduciblt must be growing too hot.

Thus wedded in love as united in fame.

Lo! the standard that stole from the starlight its:
And type of all chiralry, glory, romance.
The fair lilies, the hummon lilies of France.

O'l morning super's 'whom the singe reaches its closes'.
See the sun-dawn outbleson like the alchemist's rose;
The last wreaths of smoke from dim trenches up-curied.
Are transformed to a glory that seniles on the world.
Juy! Juy! Save the wan, wasted frust of the for.
With his battle flugs furiled and his arms trailing low.
Reguest for the brave! In grint allease they yield.
And is allease they pass with howed heads from the field.
Then triumph transcendant! So Titzen of toos.
That some vowed it must startle King George on his threes!

O! wedded in love, as united in fame, See! the standard that stole from the starlight its And type of all chivalry, giory, remance. The fair illies, the luminous lilies of France!

When Peace to her own timed the pulse of the land, And the war-weapon sunk from the war-wearied hand, Young Freedom, uplearne to the height of the goal— She had yearner for the result of the goal of the sunk of here there exists, the fling and clear, The had been also and the had been to the heart of here the had been along the had soppose to hear? Yell flow in the heart had been the had seen to hear the heart high high hope, or the patricks dream. What futures the lerief, in cold shadow shall cast. The stern beauty that haloes the brow of the l'ast!

Crimins—Of wedded in love as united in fame!
Of wedded in love as united in fame!
See! the standard that stole from the startight's
And type of all chivalry, giver, remance.
The fair illies, the imminess illies of France!

Select Story.

POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING

"My stars; that parson is powerful alow a com-ing. I recken in wan't so tedious getting to his own wedding, as he is coming here," said one of the bridesmands of Miss Polly Peablossom, as she bit her fips to make them resy, and peeped into a small looking-glass for the twentieth

time.

"He preaches enough about the shortness of a lifetime," remarked another pouting miss, "and how we ought to improve our opportunities; not to be creeping along like a snail, when a whole wedding party is waiting for him, and the waffles are getting cold, and the chickens burning to a crisp." "Have patience, girls; maybe the man lost his

spirs, and can't get along any fiaster," was the consolatory appeal of an arch-looking dainsel, as she fillished the last of a bunch of grapes.

"Or, perhaps, his old fox-cared horse has jumped out of the pasture, and the old gentleman has had to take it afoot," surmised the fourth bridesmaid.

The bride used industrious efforts to appear patient and rather indifferent, amid the general restiveness of her aids, and would occasionally affect extreme merriment; but her shrewd attendants charged her with being fidgety, and rather more uneasy than she wanted folks to believe.

lieve.
"Hello, Floyd!" shouted old Captain Peables "Hello, Floyd!" shouted old Captain Peablossom out of doors, to his copperas trowsered son, who was entertaining the young beam of the neighborhood with feats of agility in jumping with weights. "Floyd, throw down them rocks, and put the bridle on Suip, and ride down the road and see if you can't see Parson Gypey, and tell him hurry along, we are all waiting for him. He must think weddings are like his meetings, that can be put off to the 'Sunday after the fourth Sunday in next month,' after the crowd's all gathered and ready, to hear the preaching. If you don't meet him, go dean to his house. I 'spect he's heard that Brushy Croek Ned is here with his fiddle, and has taken a scare."

As the night was wearing on, and no parson had come yet, to unite the destinies of George Washington Hodgkins and the "anniable and accomplished!" Miss Polly Peablossom, the former individual intimated to his intended, the propriety of passing off the time by having a dance.

Polly asked her ma, and her ma, after arguing that it was not the fashion in her time, in North Carolina, to dance before the ceremony, at last

that it was not the fashion in her time, in North Carolina, to dance before the ceremony, at last consented.

The artist from Brusby Creek was called in and after much tuning and spitting on the screws, he stamped his foot, and struck up "Money Musk," and away went the country dance; Polly Peablessom at the head, with Thomas Jefferson Hodgkins as her partner, and George Washington Hodgkins as her partner, and George Washington and Thomas Jefferson danced to every lady; then up and down in the middle, and hands all round. Next came George Washington and his partner, who underwent the same process, "and so on through the whole," as Daboll's arithmetic says.

The yard was lit up by three or four large light-wood fires, which gave a picturesque appearance to the groups outside. On one side of the house was Daniel Newman Peablossom and a bevy of youngsters, who either could not, or did not desire, to get into the dance—probably the former—and who ammsed themselves by jumping and wrestling. On the other side, a group of matrons sat under the trees, in chairs, and discoursed of the mysteries of making butter, carring chickens of the pip, and children of the croup, basides lamenting the misfortunes of some neighbor, or the indiscretion of some neighbor's daughter, who had run away and married a circus rider. A few pensive couples, eachewing the "giddy dance," promenaded the yard, and samired the moon, or "wondered if all them little stars were worlds like this." Perhaps they may have sighed sentimentally at the folly of the mosquitaes and bugs which were attracted round the fires to get their pretty little wings secorched, and lose their prectons lives; or they may have sighed sentimentally at the folly of the hones, who had gathered around the worthy man's arm chair, to listen to his "twice told tales," of "hair breadth escapes," of "the battles and sieges he had passed"—for you must know the Captain paralted the perilous adventures of Newman's little band among the Seminoles. How "Bold Newnan" and his mer lived on al

forty times." Then the Captain, after repeated importunities, laid down his pipe, cleared his ilroat, and sang—
"We marched on to our next station.
The Ingrin on before did hide.
They shot and killed bold Norman's migger.
And two other while men by his side."
The remainder of the epic we have forgotten.
After calling out for a chark of fire, and religiting his pipe, he dashed at once over into Alabama, in General Floyd's army, and fought the battle of Calebee and Otassee over again in detail. The artillery from Baldwin County blazed away, and made the little boys aforesaid think they could hear thunder almost, and the rifles from Patnam made their patriotic young aprirts long to revenue that gallant corps. And the 'Squire was astonished at the narrow escape his friend had of falling into the hands of Weatherford and his savages, when he was mirraculously resened by Timpoochee Barnard, the Lichee chief.
At this stage of affairs, Floyd (not the General, but the embussador) rode up with a mysterious look on his countenance. The dancers left off, in the middle of acett, and assembled around the measurement, to hear the news of the parson. The

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